Where She Goes

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Where She Goes

by millyycoffeee

Summary

“You know why you have been chosen for this position?”

“From what I have done and from what they say about me.” He is not proud of what he has done to stand where he is but he also doesn't feel regret or remorse.

“Yes but it is more than that, you are strong Will, you have done your country proud you have done your king proud that is why he has requested you”

Will cringes at the idea that the King requested for him to protect his wife after hearing of all the atrocious acts Will has committed. He wouldn't trust himself protecting someone he loved, why should the King?
~

Will Graham is the most notable and notorious Knight in the whole of England, he has committed heinous acts of sin on man kind, so why has the King Hannibal Lecter himself requested for Will to become the Queen's head guard?
And what will happen if Hannibal takes more of a liking to Will than he should?

Notes

Can't get this idea out of my head so writing it down in the form of a hannigram ficlet.
Lots of angst and smut and historical references.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

#

Will stands stands straight, hands held behind his back as he looks straight ahead, it's the stance of the discipline of a solider and duteous act of who sit in front of him. Sir Crawford, a advisor of the crown, he sits forward his hands together on the table staring at Will with pride and solemnity.

“You know why you have been chosen for this position?”

Will still looks ahead as he answer “From what I have done and from what they say about me.” He is not proud of what he has done to stand where he is but he also doesn't feel regret or remorse that he should.

“Yes but it is more than that, you are strong Will, you have done your country proud you have done your king proud that is why he has requested you”

Will cringes at the idea that the King requested for him to protect his wife after hearing of all the atrocious acts Will has committed. He wouldn't trust himself protecting someone he loved, why should the King?

“Your duties will include following the queen around, making sure threats are dealt with, you will take shifts with the other guards when guarding her door but mostly you will be with her no matter where she goes”

Like flies on shit Will thought to himself.

“I know this is different from what you know, but I believe taking a step back from the intensity of the army” he hesitated looking at Will with concern as he choose his next words “it will give you some time to…. understand civilian life”

Will looked down “I understand sir”. Even if he didn't he knew he had to abide by Crawford’s rules, he was the one who had saved him more times than he cared count and mostly from Will himself. Even though the king had requested Will himself, he also knew Crawford had most likely been the ear wig in the King's ear telling him the stories of will’s savagery and extremities.

“You will take lodge outside of the castle near the chapel court, it is a small room but you won't be there most of the times”

Will wasn't surprised he wasn't in the guards chamber. Crawford knew of his night terrors and habitual walks around in the midnight hours, he knew it would cause animosity among the other guards if he disturbed their very few hours of sleep with his howls and screams of unhinged terror.

“Go settle down for the day and tomorrow midday you will meet with the Queen”

“Thank you Sir” Will bowed his head then left.

Will decided to pass through the court yard, though he wasn't sure where he could and couldn't go just yet and since Crawford hadn't mentioned it. He could use it as an excuse if he was caught.

When he reached the fountain in the middle of the court yard he starred at the magnitude of the sculpture and the carvings around it. ****Suriving in the blood of his friends and the dirt of being poor for the last twenty four years of his life left him confounded to his current situation. The fountain was a symbol of power and insouciance to the ongoings outside the castles walls; the war, the poverty, the death all of which Will had experienced but here he was before this fountain away from all that he had once know to perform a job he was unqualified and yet over qualified to do.

Too lost in his current predicament, Will didn't hear the shouts of the man behind him or the bounding paws that were running towards him. Only when those same paws leaped onto his back propelling him forward did he registered any presence outside of his own. Just as he thought he would plunge face first into fountains pool and break a tooth on its marble surface did a hand tightly wrap around his arm and yank him back.

Another arm then snaked around his back to stop him from instead falling back from the force of which he'd been grabbed.

Will felt like a wild animal caught in a trap, his body was tense and his eyes where wild and searching. The man who had saved Will from his fate of being drenched and a possible chipped tooth was unlike any man Will had seen in his entire life. If Will had lived lives before this one he had never seen a man like this in any of them because he was certain he remember it. He was tall from the way he loomed over Will and the sharp cheekbones and jaw looked as though they could cut you. His eyes were dark, not holding any light and filled with something Will didn't want understand and finally his thin mouth which was curled into a sly smile.

Will felt ruffled and was unsure of how long he'd been staring at this man.

“You can let go of me now” will spat, irked by how he easily he'd been caught off guard.

“Of course, I must apologies about Winston” the man said finally letting go of Will. He voice was like honey dripping from each word and it made Will shiver.

“It’s fine, I don't blame the dog”

It was the mans turn to look taken back but he quickly smiled again, this time with more amusement in his features. Will looked at his clothes, maybe he shouldn't of spoken so harshly but by the look of the mans clothes he was ether another solider or a servant. He was dressed in a white blouse and long brown pants. Fancier from his knowledge of what servants usually wear but still this is the King’s home maybe even the servants and scullery maids are dressed like nobility.

“You're the new guard, William Graham” the man spoke it as a fact and one he found very appeasing.

“Yes.” Will answered hesitantly, he grazed his hand over the dogs head who had found himself panting and leaning on Will’s leg. Eyes filled with love as he looked up the at the new stranger giving him attention.

Will waited for a sign he could leave, he hated social situations with people in the same social class as himself as it meant they couldn't dismiss you but instead you had to find your own way out of leaving.

“Please do take extra care when finding your lodgings Mr Graham we wouldn't want anything to happen to you before your meeting with the Queen.”

Will briefly smiled at the dog and then gave the man one last dirty look which the man returned with a smirk before Will turned around to go look his lodging.

“I believe it is going to be very interesting with you around William”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will spent the night tossing and turning. His cabin if it could be called that was a small room with a bed. Vines had grown in through the windows and there were holes in the roof he had to fix, he supposed that was Crawford had meant when he said to get settled in.

The ‘cabin’ itself was as far as you could get from the actually castle but still be within the castle walls. He liked that though, it meant that he couldn't disturb anybody and nobody could disturb him. But regardless of him being on his own his sleep remained ill adjusted and plagued with terror.

His first night was vexed of the man he had met before. He dreamt he stood behind Will as Will was seated, his head forced back staring into the stranger’s black and soulless eyes that pierced through Will leaving him feeling naked and vulnerable. Then he poured wine into Will’s mouth. It poured down his chin, his neck and under his clothes soaking him in red. A dangerous colour, a colour Will had seen too much of. Will remained still while the wine was being poured over him, he just met this mans stare cold blank. He felt fear and something akin to arousal but he held his gaze.

That was until the wine turned to blood and soon Will could feel the irony thick taste violate his senses. He struggled to move away but was frozen in place. Forced to endure the blood pour down his skin, the taste of it on his tongue and smell on his flesh. The man seemed amused at Will’s struggle and just before Will awoke he swore he saw that same cocky grin he had given Will earlier in the day.

Will remained awake the rest of the morning, same as he always felt; tired from the lack of sleep and accepting of his current state.

When midday arrived he had neatened his hair and washed his face when a knock startled him.

A young lady stood outside his door, as usual Will avoided at eye contact instead choosing to look at her long black hair that was braided in an intricate plait and her long teal coloured dress.

"I am ..the lady in waiting to the Queen, she asked me to bring you to her as to not have you getting lost" she look skeptical at Will and also a little taken back when Will had open the door.

Will knew he was not what she was expecting, from the stories she most likely imagined a brute of a man with a scar across his cheek and blackened teeth. But instead there was Will, average in height and from what he was told pretty in the face.

Will nodded and then closed the door behind himself. They walked slowly next to each other through the castle gardens. Will wondered if he was even allowed to walk next her, he knew nothing of the proper manner here.

Eventually she broke the silence “you're not what I imagined”

“Neither are you, don't they usually send servants or guards to help newcomers”

“Yes they do, but I suppose you're special William”

“Just Will is fine”

“Okay just Will, you can call me Beverly” she smiled then. From her face which Will now allowed himself to look at, he knew she was kind, trustworthy and knowledge about more than just the day to day going ons at the court.

“I’ll suppose you'll want to know what the Queen is like then”

“If it helps my job”

She thought about it for a moment but before she could answer Will spoke

“What is the king like?”

She looked around them as if searching for any listeners other than her and Will.

“He is a good king, caring of his people but terrifying for his enemies. Don't worry though you won't see him often the Queen rarely visits him or his bed chambers” she smirked and Will laughed

“I believe we are going to be good friend Sir Will”

After climbing a couple of flights of stairs and going down many hallways they eventually came to a large door. They stood outside for a moment as Will prepared himself mentally as Beverly quickly neaten his collar that peaked out over his chest plate armour.

With one last smile Beverly open the door slowly and carefully “Ma’am, I have brought Sir William for you”

“Bring him in” The queen answered softly

When Will walked into the room, he was yet again taken back by the size and the amount of gold that touched every surface and object in the room. Nothing was spared from the aureate, the furtinture and curtains were embroidered with Goldwork and every item was at least gold plated or held tiny sparkling crystals. The Queen faced one of the large open windows, she herself was absorbed in this same gold glow from the sunlight burning into the room. She wore a long red dress the same colour as the blood and wine Will had seen in his dream. Her long brown hair flowed down her back and when she turned her face was the picture of beauty.

“Hello William”

“My Queen” Will wasn't sure exactly how to dress the queen and knew that ‘my queen’ was probably the safest bet. He also bowed his head like he would do for sir Crawford and the other higher ups.

“Do you know why my husband requested for you?” Will looked up, her expression was blank and her hands were clasped by her hips. She from what Will could see was intelligent, strong but mostly melancholy. Will knew he had a gift of understanding people, emphasising with their emotions and person so he knew when he looked at the Queen he would see her but what he didn't think he would see is sadness.

“No, my Queen”

“You can refer to me as ma’am William, it is because you ripped out a man’s throat with your own teeth” Will looked down, he wasn't ashamed of what he done but rather that he didn't feel the shame in the first place. The man was a enemy solider who had tackled Will while he was un expecting, he had seen it in the mans face; the violence, the cruelty, the narcissism, the lack remorse and it made Will snap lurching forward with the only weapon he could use.

“Any man can wield a sword, but not many can do what you have done” Will looked up, she was smiling slightly and he nodded unsure of what else to do.

“Beverly can fill you in on my schedule, I rarely stray outside of my daily routine. However we are to have a dinner this evening with the King so until then I will be getting ready. You may wait outside” and with that she turned away facing the window again.

Will left and Beverly closed the door behind him, leaving him to stand alone outside of the door. This was it, the rest of his youth waiting and standing outside doors and rooms, following the Queen and rarely speaking to her, not that he wished to engage in daily conversation with her or anyone for that matter. But for his sins against man this was his sentence; a life long servitude of waiting and following until he was aged and weak and they would throw him to the dogs or the gutters of the street if he was lucky.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like this is going to be longer than I expected, I just wanna jump to the Hannibal and will kissing parts but then there would be no build up so here we are. Don't worry it isn't going to be a slow burn! Also I didn't mention that the Queen is Alana, she is going to be slightly different from the original show but who knows I'm writing this blindly.

Ps sorry any spelling mistakes or grammar I will go over it all in the future :)

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Get ready for some deep Hannibal-esque flirting

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will followed a couple steps behind the Queen making sure not to be too close least he wanted his head to be removed from his shoulders for being ill mannered. He wondered on the Queens desolation, But from what Beverly had instigated on her unfruitful marriage maybe that was just the simple reason.

When they neared two large closed doors with two guards on ether side and a tall man before the entranced whose face Will couldn't see just yet. Beverly leaned in and whispered “remain on the Queen’s side of the hall and don't look at the King unless spoken to”

Will wondered if she thought he was savage and didn't understand anything of his job. but she wouldn't actually be wrong Will was considered a savage from his unfortunate upbringing and rude demeanour. So he should be thankful he's getting any advice at all and not just disgusted looks and comments on how unfit he was for the job.

This also meant the tall man who stood before the entrance was the King. Will lowered his eyes and remained a steady pace behind the Queen next to Beverly. He could feel himself prickle with apprehension and unease.

The queen stopped when she reached next to the man and bowed her head slightly “My dear” she spoke softly.

They must have exchange some sort of greeting or smile because the man, no the King turned slightly and looked at Will.

“Hello again William”

That voice. Will knew that voice. He braved himself to look up and there he was, the man he had met yesterday. The man he thought to be a servant or guard, the man he had so rudely dismissed after helping him was the King Hannibal Lecter.

In absolute shock Will didn't move or speak, he could feel Beverly’s glare burning into him begging him to say something, anything.

Will cleared his throat and looked to the side. He could feel the Kings eyes roaming over him.

“Your majesty” he didn't bow or nod his head. He was angry, angry at himself for not knowing who the king was, angry at the King for not telling him who he was and for wearing such lowly clothes for him to believe he wasn't the king. It was petty but Will had enough of these games they all seemed to play, he wished to be back to the battlefield where there were no mind games just surviving another day.

The king chuckled and then motioned for the guards to open the doors.

They entered the room Will remained for a moment then carried on behind the Queen. The room was filled with people and copious amounts of food and wine. The people who had now stopped their whispers and chatter now rose and bowed their heads at the Kings presence.

When the couple had sat at their seats and the King had motioned for everyone else to also sit, the Queen turned to the King.

“You have met previously?” she asked in hushed voice peaked with interest.

“Only briefly, he is very charming isn't he darling? I believe he will be most adequate” The king answered knowing Will was standing just behind the Queen’s chair and could still hear them. Will felt himself burn up. What annoyed Will the most about this situation wasn't that the King was playing a game with him, it was that Will couldn't read him at all. The signs and notions of his face told Will nothing of the man behind it.

Not used to that revelation Will wondered if the man just didn't have anything to hide that he was so blatant and plain that there was nothing for Will to see. But Will knew better, this was the King of England. The man who had sent him to war, to kill and devour anyone who stood in his path, the man who had also slaughtered dozens for acts of so called rudeness. No, from what Will could see this man had crafted a mask so unbreakable and calculated that even those who knew him for decades couldn't even peak behind it. Will knew this was dangerous and no matter how much this man peaked his interest he would have to avoid any, if all contact however possible.

After the banquet and endless chatter of gossip and music. The king and his Queen rose leaving the hall side by side and Will following after. Beverly had remained in the hall too enamoured with the newest scandals of one of the noble men. When they left the room and were away from the hall the King stopped and turned.

“I wish for you to follow me William” then he said goodnight to the Queen and carried on walking in the opposite direction. Will looked at the queen for confirmation, she smiled then placed her hand on his shoulder “You'll be okay” she whispered then nodded for him to follow.

A million reason flooded Wills head as to why the King wanted to speak with him. The most adamant one being he wished to chastise Will for his behaviour the day before.

Eventually they reached a large room it was much like the Queen’s bedroom but larger and coloured in red. The king was turned away from Will and was pouring himself wine.

Will unsure where to stand or what to say remained near the doorway, silent. The King still with his back to Will spoke “you wish to say something Will, you may speak freely here”

“I don't know what you mean sir” Hannibal then turned and looked at Will in a way he didn't understand.

“What do you see when you look at me Will?”

Will wanted to laugh, why would a King care what a guard thought of him.

“A King” Will said in a chipped impatience tone.

“So you only see the obvious?” the King held his stern confining stare.

Will was growing impatience of these games, he wouldn't get anywhere without saying something he wanted to hear. He also felt a strange feeling of security within this room with this man. He looked at him, this time not at his chin or forehead but his eyes.

“You truly wish to know what I see?” Will eyes had glaze over and a dark shadow from the flicker of the fireplace had eclipsed his face. “I see your mask. Your mask of false security and normality” he said it as a fact without room for deniability.

The King then smiled like he heard something he already knew “Don't you also wear the same mask?”

“I don't know what you mean” Will looked away, he felt himself fading.

“You hide your thirst for blood and lack of remorse behind the idea that you did what you did for you country and not for the fact that you revelling in doing so.”

Will gritted his teeth.

“we are the same you and I”

“Ha!” Will couldn't stop the harsh crude laugh that erupted from his throat. “For you to believe that a lowly servant of the court is the same as the King and leader of the country then I must ask you to see more clearly my king” Will spat with venom. He hated the idea than someone had seen him, not just him but his darkest desires and how he took pleasure in his unholy acts of sin. He didn't care that this man could order a thousand guards to drag him to the excution block and have him killed on the spot. All will could see was red.

“You are angry” the king stated now moving towards Will “do you not wish to be seen?”

“Do you sir?” Will smirked slightly raising his eyebrow.

“Hannibal”

“What?”

“You must call me Hannibal when we are alone” Will couldn't believe it, did he not understand a single thing he had said about him just being a guard and him being the King?

Will felt baffled by the whole situation, why should he play this game of cat and mouse?

“Say it. Say my name Will”

Will looked away, the intensity of Hannibal’s stare and his peremptory tone made him feel hot and vulnerable. He had also took note that the king had not once called him William since they were alone.

“Hannibal” he murmured looking back at Hannibal to catch his smile. He had won.

“Good boy”

Will wanted to leave, not just this confining blood painted room but the castle that had damned him to a life of playing a game he couldn't win. Whatever Hannibal wanted from Will he would always get it, he was just a pawn in this and Hannibal was the chess master.

“Why did you make me come here?”

Hannibal was now only a a couple of steps away from Will and he could see his dark features and the harsh lines in his face that somehow made him all the more dangerous and alluring.

“You interest me” Hannibal wanted to move closer but knew Will was like a wild animal if he got too close he would frighten his prey. And then who would talk to him so daringly? It all excited Hannibal and he hadn't been excited in a long time, not like this. So instead he took mental notes of every feature and detail on Will’s skin.

“Sir Crawford has been telling you stories”

“yes, but not for that sole reason” Hannibal had now moved away from Will and towards the fireplace.

Will thought about all the things that would interest Hannibal and in honesty he came up blank. Besides from the terrible things he had done on those fields in the act of ‘defending his country’. He wasn't sure what a king would see in him.

“Just as you see me, I see you Will”

Will felt himself shiver, it was all becoming too much. His instincts told him to run but something kept him frozen to the spot.

“I must return to the Queen’s door” Will didn't look at Hannibal he didn't want to see his reaction.

Hannibal looked at Will, he didn't speak at first just looked and finally nodded allowing him to leave.

Will turned but as he had his hand on the door handle, Hannibal spoke “You must return tomorrow at the same time, I look forward to seeing you…Will”

Will then left and hurried to his post trying to keep his mind at bay and his heart a steady pace.

Chapter End Notes

I love writing this so please let me know if you like reading it and I'm not just hopelessly rambling.

Also I love Hannibal and Will's flirty talks about how they see each other and how they are each others whole.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

TW- violence and fighting

Will was relived from his duty at midnight where he then returned to his small 4x4 room and picked at what little food had been left for him. Usually the knights and guards would all eat together after rest of the castle had turned in for the night. But Crawford must of thought it best to keep Will in total isolation lest he wanted another problem to deal with regarding Will.

Fortunately, Will had remained asleep the whole of the night but his dreams were still haunted by the King. This time he had shape shifted into a creature of the night with black fur and large spiked antlers. He didn't feel fear though just the calming sense you feel when the world is quiet and it is just you and someone else.

When he awoke he quickly got dressed in his under clothes and armour and then made his way to the Queen’s room. He remained there for a good while of the early morning, it didn't bother him he wasn't one to become bored he always had his imagination.

When Beverly appear and began fussing around the Queen Will realised this would mostly like become his daily routine for the rest of his time here. The only thing that kept on his mind was his meeting with Hannibal, Will knew he shouldn't be thinking about whatever strange relationship that was forming between him and King but his mind cruelly did.

Will thought about the previous night, the way he felt when talking with Hannibal, how it was unlike anything he had felt before. While Hannibal could just be a bored king wanting to pass the time with the newest item of the court. He could also be genuinely interested in talking with Will.

Hannibal saw Will’s truest self and Will in return, knew that behind Hannibal's carefully crafted mask was something similar to him.

When the queen did finally appear from her door. Beverly was next to her smiling and excitingly gigling away. She was dressed in a lighter green dress to the Queens darker more emerald one.

“We are to watch the duels today Will, how exciting!” Bervely excalimed when she saw Will. The Queen smiled at Will and they made their way through the castle. Will always behind the Queen on guard, a watcher, a protector.

“What are the duels?” Will whispered to Bervely when he thought the Queen was out of ear shot.

“They are when the best knights of the court fight in honour to deem who is the strongest, its all fun and games but a great honour for the winner”

Is this how the rich entertain themselves? Will thought to himself, While Will was fighting a war watching those die around him and those who lost their humanity to survive. The royals, the rich were playing petty honour games?

They went outside then up to a small arena on other side of the castle. Will hadn't seen the arena before, the castle was expansive and still difficult to understand. When they got closer there were noises of a crowd, wines been pouring, laughing of the drunk and the giggling of maidens.

Next, they made there way to a watching block much like an opera box were you could see over the arena and closely to where the fighting would take place, the box was close enough to see the blood spill but safe enough to not get it on your clothes. On the other side of the arena was seating for the noble men and women and other rich folk that paid to watch and enjoy the violence they so wished to see.

Hannibal was already seated when they arrived, he stood to greet the queen taking her hand and gently kissing it “Alana” he smiled. She smiled back, Will could see from their reactions they were close but as friends not as husband and wife. They would fulfil their duties, play the happy couple and then they would return to their separate bedrooms.

Hannibal then looked at will, a twinkle in his eyes. “Will” he said his name like it was honey dripping from his lips.

“Sir” he replied dryly. Still confused on their understanding with each other outside that room.

“Sorry I am late” Crawford had appeared behind Will. Will knew it was him before he spoke, he knew Crawford’s heavy duty shoes and ominous presence all too well.

“Please come sit with us Jack, the fun hasn't started yet” Alana said. Crawford nodded his head to Will and sat next to the King. They began discussing the games and who Crawford had placed a bet on winning.

Will was the only who had remained standing, Beverly had sat next the queen also talking of her knights of choice. You could see the great open space with the sun beaming on to it, it was empty except for a long table with individual weapons. Then they on watched as two knights came out of ether side of the arena. Cheers and uproar erupted through the crowd as the knights waved their flags and then picked up their weapon of choice and stood in position, waiting for the order to begin. To attack, to kill, to win.

Will watched on slaughter after on slaughter there were ten contestants, five battles each with a winner and ether a seriously injured or dead loser. When the last two contestants stood standing in the blood of the ones who had come before them waiting for their order.

Crawford stood and spoke “Will, the King is yet to see you fight, I believe this is the perfect opportunity to show your worth to the court don't you agree?” his tone was jovially and it was as if wanted to show off his greatest accomplishment; Will.

Will didn't speak, he looked at Hannibal. Hannibal was quiet for a moment considering, calculating; of course he wanted to see this it was everything he wanted since he heard the name Will Graham but he also knew that if blindly pushed Will he would loose his trust and Hannibal would fall in line with everyone else who had used or hurt Will.

“It would be rude to refuse the king’s request Will” Crawford prompted his jovially tone was now replaced with a stern warning. The word ‘rude’ rang in his ears, Will knew what the word ‘rude’ meant in this place, if Hannibal was God rudness would be the greatest sin.

Will looked back to Crawford “of course Sir Crawford”. then he turned away to make his way to the fighting ground. He didn't agree out of fear, rather he wanted what the King had told him. That he saw him, Will wanted to Hannibal to see him in his purest form.

“Hannibal, I don't think Will is here to compete in such games, what if he gets himself hurt?” Alana sounded concerned and anxiety ran through her, she liked Will he didn't look at her like a piece of meat or a commodity but rather a person.

“My lady, I can assure you Will will not be the one getting hurt” Crawford chuckled. Hannibal looked as Will entered the arena, there was a mummer amongst the crowd confused on this sudden change.

Will briefly looked at the weaponry choices on the table to the side, he was never one for fancy items or scare tactics. He ignored the table with the ball on the chain and double ended sword and withdrew his own sword. Then he stood in place, a couple of feet away from his opponent. The man had a similar build to Will he stood proud and overly assured. Will saw in the corner of his eye Hannibal give the order and his opponent came rushing towards him wielding a similar sword as Wills but with small gems encrusting the handle.

Will waited and waited. Then when it looked as though he would be stricken down by the man before him, he moved. Quickly driving himself around going for the opponents back and driving his sword between the breast and shoulder plate. The man yelled like a wounded animal then dropped to the floor, when he moved to get up again will touched his sword to the back of his neck, a warning; you are dead if you get up.

The crowd roared, Will then remember the audience the watchers of this sick and twisted game. He was no longer in the throws of war but a ground of entertainment and family fun. He looked at Hannibal there was that glisten in his eyes and a smile something similar to adoration.

The final opponent was a larger man, much larger than Will. Will knew these types of soldiers, they were better at the beginning of a fight eventually they would become weak and tired and that is when Will would strike.

Instead of waiting Will moved to strike first, the man anticipated this. Moving so the sword only nicked his armour, the sound rang through Will ears and he felt himself come alive.

He charged at will, Will moved faster. They did this for a while, will trying to burn his opponent energy and his enemy trying to kill him quickly. Will could make a quick move and instantly kill the man but he didn't want more death on his hands especially for reasons such as this. So he played the long game.

“I am going to kill you, you motherless street dog” the man gritted through his teeth. Will looked into him, saw the snarl on his mouth and his eyes brimming with raw hate.

Will knew this wasn't going to end well, this man would not give up. He would rather die than let Will defeat him in front of the king. It was ether him or Will, and Will wasn't planning on going out this way not today anyways.

While lost in his own analysis, his opponent had now knocked him to the ground and was raising his sword in attempt to kill him in one final fatal blow. But before it was brought down on Will’s head and through his skull, Will lurched forward bringing his sword up through the enemy’s chin and through his head killing him instantly.

The crowd remained silent, will stood and faced the king covered in the sun and blood of the men he had killed. He wanted to be seen, he wanted Hannibal to see who he was and not run from him but embrace him then and there.

Hannibal rose and clapped. Will couldn't see his face clearly anymore, the rush of adrenaline clouded his eyesight. Instead he heard the uproar of the crowd and the sound of trumpets beating through his soul.

After Will had cleaned up and returned back to the Queens door, who had eaten then swiftly return to her room. A solider relived him of his duty informing him that the King wanted to see him.

When Will got to Hannibal’s door he knocked and waited until he heard Hannibal’s smooth voice through the oak door allowing him to enter.

Hannibal was sat on a small hand carved wooden sofa with red velvet covering, much like the rest of the room it bled the colour of blood. The fire was burning and highlighting his face in a orangey glow. Hannibal was staring into the flames as though deep in thought but broke his attention away when Will entered the room.

“Please sit Will, join me” He motioned him over.

Will sat on the chair that was turned to face Hannibal, it was the same design and wood work as the sofa and it felt strange to be sitting on such an item of luxury.

“How do you feel Will?”

“Tired” Will shuffled about in his seats unsure on how to sit in such an item.

“Yes that is normal after the rush of battle”

“That wasn't battle, that was undignified entertainment” Will still hadn't looked at Hannibal instead opting for his chin, the fireplace and his hands.

“Do you wish for me to abolish it?” Will wasn't sure if Hannibal was serious or just being facetious.

“I will do that for you Will, if that is what you so wish” Will then looked at Hannibal. He thought for a moment “No it isn't, I am not one for disappointing the masses” he sighed.

“Then am I under the strong assumption that that was that your final battle Will? Your swan song? That though you don't wish for me to abolish the games you refuse or won't take part in them again?”

Will wasn't sure, he knew deep down he would never escape the fate of what he was, he always believed he would die on the battle flied and he had accepted that. That's what made him a good solider, he had no fear, no family to not return to, no lover would weep at his grave. But now, here in this place the honour death he thought would be his end was slipping through his fingers

“I don't know your majesty” a beat “Hannibal” Will corrected.

Hannibal looked at him sternly then his lips pulled at the corners, not a smirk but not quite a smile more a show of appreaciation. He then looked back to the fire, deep thought clouded his features. Will saw the deep lines of concentration in his face and the pull of his blonde eyebrows. For a moment wondered if he could peel back Hannibal's skin and peer into his brain picking apart his motive and thought.

“Do you find god in the blood you have spilt? Do you find your religion there? Is that why you abhor such games because there is no true honour there? ” Will was broken away from his thoughts, Hannibal’s voice always seemed to pull him to the surface away from his thoughts and into the light. His features and expression remained serious as though he was dissecting Will, much the same way Will wanted to dissect him.

“I have no religion Hannibal, I am just a humble servant of you.” no one had taught him God, no one had a thrown a bible his way so he found in his own reasonings to the actions he took.

“And yet they say I command God's will”

“And some would say that's blasphemy” Will smiled and Hannibal chuckled.

Will felt a heat rising above his collar as Hannibal leaned forward grabbing all of Will’s attention.

“I want you on my side Will, I want you the mongoose under my house when the snakes come slithering by”

“I always on your side my King”

“Not because I am the King, but because I am your friend”

“Your friend?” Will wasn't sure what was happening, this man, the King wanted Will’s friendship. Will wanted to believe this was a ploy a strategy that he couldn't see. But it was written plain as day on Hannibal’s face. Hannibal wanted to be Will’s friend.

It took a moment for Will to reply “ok Hannibal”.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

From Hannibal POV for a little change and to see what's going on in his head.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If Hannibal could change, he would. He would alter it all just for will.

life before Will was life wasted, victories, celebrations, vows of marriage, ruler of England all paled in comparison to life after Will. If God allowed him he would go back, run from the kingdom find Will and truly live. With his beating heart held in the hands of a scruffy country boy who sought violence as redemption. Because he was running out of time, the silence in the kingdom was the calm before the storm, war was coming.

He had held back as long as he could much to Crawford's dismay. War was to break throughout the country spreading like a disease.

He could blame his father, but he hadn't know the man long enough to hold resentment and he couldn't trust his advisor to tell him the truth of the former king and with his mother dying in child birth he was without the information or idyllic stories that should of been told to him to aid an idea of who his father was.

He didn't wish to know his father, only his younger sister Mischa who had died when he was just thirteen. He wished she was still here to meet Will, he knew she would take to him and pester him till he learned to love her too the way Hannibal did.

Hannibal was broken away from his thoughts at the sound of a knock on his study. The room was large and grand much like every room he entered in the castle, all suited to his taste and grandeur.

"Enter" Hannibal already knew who it was before they set through his door, Crawford had a distinct way about him that even came through when he knocked on a door.

"My King" Crawford said after he had closed the door and stepped further into the study.

Hannibal could see the anticaption and fear in his eyes; he was going to say something precarious.

"I know why you are here Jack, speak you mind" Hannibal was facing him, focusing on his movements and tells he gave away when he was nervous.

"At your last meeting with your advisors you spoke of holding back on sending our soldiers to Scotlands borders"

“I did” Hannibal nodded feeling bored of the conversation already and wanting to see Will

Crawford must of sensed his boredom as he know cleared his throat and stepped forward gearing himself up for what he was about to say.

“You shouldn't hold back”

“And when do you think I should?” Hannibal tilted his head now feeling more interested in his bravery.

“We shouldn't wait till Scottish are on our borders banging on our kingdom door, we should make the first attack” He stopped taking a breath. “Tomorrow, we should make our move tomorrow”

Hannibal sighed he knew Crawford was right, one way or another this war was happening and if it be tomorrow or next week what difference would it make.

“Okay”

Jack looked slightly surprised at Hannibal’s quick approval on a matter he was so quickly to dismiss or avoid previously.

“I will give you your war Jack, but you will give me Will” Hannibal knew Jack needed Will, he was his most devoted solider as well as his own personal beast. Giving him to Hannibal meant he would lose his best asset on the battle field and his most loyal servant; Will would nod and bear anything Crawford told to him so that if England was going to war Will would be at the front line.

Jack thought for a moment and the silence stretched out between them as he ran through the possibilities through his head. Jack was a reasonable man, a war he wanted so badly or one solider.

“Sir, you know he is our best soldier and our best asset in this conflict”

“so you should also know he should be here keeping our kingdom safe” Hannibal felt surprised at Jack’s apprenhension on giving up Will, but it also confirmed what he already knew; Will was special. More than that, he was everything Hannibal wanted and ever needed.

Jack took another moment briefly closing his eyes contemplating his options, when he opened them again his expression was dark clouded by resolution. The lines in his face became more clear showing his age and years of servitude to a King he gave his undying loyalty to. And much to his wife’s dismay he had done everything and more to protect and serve the King, no matter how far it pushed his morals or boundaries as a man of God.

“I will give you Will but you should know, when you have a dog on a short leash, it is all the more closer to biting you and Will is a much more dangerous beast than a dog Hannibal”

Hannibal nodded, a clear understanding between them of what Jack had given and what Hannibal had asked of.

When Jack had left, Hannibal moved back to the large open window in the study, watching the servants go about their chores and daily activities. But his mind wandered to Will, like the night before and the many nights since he had met Will. He dreamed of Will in his bed, on his desk, on his knees begging for what Hannibal wanted to so desperately to give him. He wanted to run his hands under his shirt trace his scars and then open his legs and devour him whole.

He wished to pray at Will’s alter bring him the fruits of his labour in return for anything Will would give him, the slightest touch, his body and then his heart. He was no longer a man of God, but a man of the devil’s temptation and Will was the biggest temptation the Devil had to offer.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry how long this chapter took, I've been drowning in work :(
I just wanted to get this posted so sorry if there are any spelling/ grammar mistakes, I'm slowly going over previous chapters and fixing them. But let me know if I've missed any!

Also the quote Jack says is by Ilona Andrews, I was gonna put a Plato quote but it wouldn't have fit as well.
The war with Scotland is semi made up, I was going to write about Charles I's civil war with parliament but then it wouldn't have fit with the story so I just decided on a semi made up dispute with the Scots. But there was the wars Scottish independence in the 12th century so it's mildly based on that.

We will be getting to the smut pretty soon but don't wanna rush poor Will into it even tho he is definitely falling head first for Hannibal.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I really appreciate kudos and comments because I need constant positive reinforcement.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!